

1.
If you'll lend your Attention I'll sing you a Song,
Which is very true, and not very long,
Of building a Sommer-house stately and strong.
*Which no body can deny, deny;
Which no body can deny.*

2.
A Brickmaker's Son in Oliver's days,
One Sommers by Name, to his mighty Praise,
By turning a Rebel his Fortune did raise.
Which, &c.

3.
His Father had taught him to Read and Write pretty,
And a Trooper he was about Worcester City,
Where he was made Clerk to a Famous Committee.
Which, &c.

4.
When Delinquents Estates were seized, and sold,
He grew Rich apace, as I have been told,
For he laid up great Store of other Mens Gold.
Which, &c.

5.
His Father (good Man!) with Morter and Brick
Had laid a Foundation, but he did not stick
To build his House up by serving Old Nick.
Which, &c.

6.
* He beset the * His Satanical Zeal at Stoke it was such,
Church with Troopers, and That he shot at the Parson, you'll think this too much,
enter'd it him- But he lov'd the Old Cause as his Son loves the Dutch.
self, and shot at Mr. Wybrough (who at that time
emulated there) before the Service was done.
Which, &c.

7.
And this is in short the true Pedigree
Of P. O's Lord Keeper who's greater than he,
That did love and serve his Highness O. P.
Which, &c.

8.
Sly Tillotson thought that Place he did merit,
Because he did fiercely the Jacobites ferret,
And his Father's Virtues all does inherit.
Which, &c.

9.
When William's Attorney it then did appear,
That neither the King nor his Friends he did spare,
But us'd them as Sommers did the Cavalier.
Which, &c.

10.
Therefore I advice 'em all to take heed
Of him, and all such that are of that breed,
For so long as he lives, his Father's not dead.
Which, &c.

11.
For though he seem Patient, Gentle, and Mild,
The World he deceives, for he's Wicked, and Wild;
And his Mother still says, he's his Father's now Child.
Which, &c.

12.
The sneering old Clerk did Loyal Men bring
To Gibbets and Jayls, as well as the King,
And his Son at this time does the very same thing.
Which, &c.

13.
The Father his old Monarchy hate;
The Son by a Villain the King Abdicate;
And now rides in one of his Coaches of State.
Which, &c.

14.
The Father did likewise hate all fair Dealing,
Nown Son could not keep from Filching and Stealing,
But Juvenal bit him for his knavish concealing.
Which, &c.

15.
* If Oxlade be Dead, Smith or Stevens can tell
What it cost the conveyancer to clear the Thief's Bill,
Six Crowns was the Price, for the Books were bound well.
Which, &c.

preached before the Lord Mayor at Bow-church on the 30 of Jan last, composed the Matter for ...

16.
Thus Bookish was he as in Oxford 'tis known,
He lov'd and he took what was none of his own,
But you see 'twas the fruit of the Seed that was Sown.
Which, &c.

17.
He is now the great Man for ending of Strife,
And declares he admires a Chast-single Life,
Yet Whores and Adores another Man's Wife.
Which, &c.

18.
If any Man doubts; there's one Madam Blount,
Who's Witty and Pretty, and goes very sprunt,
Will tell you how often Jack Sommers has don't.
Which, &c.

19.
He hates all the French, but loves a Dutch Bore,
Dull Wedlock he hates, but a bonny brisk Whore,
He loves very Well, as I told you before.
Which, &c.

20.
Adultery, which, in the Law we may see
Is counted a Crime, now a Virtue must be,
Whilst Sommers is Judge of all Equity.
Which, &c.

21.
In a stately strong House which yields Landlord no Rent,
Fitted for him with Taxes, and what the Cits lent,
And now a Poll must supply what the Keeper has spent.
Which, &c.

22. (down
Thus from Grandfire's Brickkiln by degrees we come
To that Purse, and Seal, which makes England grone,
And pray God to restore ev'ry Man what's his own.
Which, &c.

23.
And now I'll be free, and tell you my own Sense,
There's no Man so fit to Steer a Dutch Conscience,
As he that's so lewd to think Right and Wrong nonsense:
Which, &c.

24.
But to conclude all I boldly declare
And fore a Master of Chancery will Swear,
There's nothing untrue of what is said here.
Which Sommers cannot deny, &c.

F I N I S.